We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Churchyard side.
Chiefe Watch. A great suspition, stay the *Frier* too, too.
Enter the Prince.
Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That cals our person from our mornings rest?
Enter Capulet *and his Wife.*
Ca. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?
Wife. O thepeople in the street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open out-cry to ward our Monument.
Prin. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Watch. Souereigne, here lyes the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kild.
Prin. Search, seeke and know how this foule murder comes.
Watch. Here is a *Frier*, and slaughtred *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.
Cap. O Heauen! O Wife! looke how our Daughter bleeds!
This Dagger hath mistane, for loe his house,
Is emptie on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheath'd in my Daughters bosome.
Wi. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now early downe.
Moun. Alas, my Liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
What further woe conspires against my age?
Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the mouth of out-rage for a while,
Till we can cleere these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head their true descent,

And

And then will I be Generall of
And lead you euen to death: m
And let mischance be slaue to
Bring forth the parties of susp
Frs. I am the greatest, able t
Yet most suspected as the time
Doth make against me of this
And heare I stand both to imp
My selfe condemned, and my
Prin. Then say at once what
Frier. I will be briefe, for m
Is not so long as is a tedious T
Romeo there dead, was Husban
And she there dead, that *Romeo*
I married them, and their stoln
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose
Banish't the new-made Bridegr
For whom, and not for *Tibalt*,
You, to remoue that siege of g
Betroth'd and would haue marr
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes
And with wild lookes bid me d
To rid her from this second Ma
Or in my Cell there would she
Then gaue I her (so tutord by
A sleeping potion, which so too
As I intended, for it wrought o
The forme of death, meane time
That he should hither come as
To helpe to take her from her b
Being the time the potions force
But he which bore my Letter, F
Was stayed by accident, and ye
Returned my Letter backe, the
At the prefixed houre of her wa
Came I to take her from her Ki
Meaning to keepe her closely at

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34